

# The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal—Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art, Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPURIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

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## Choice Poetry.

### FORGET-ME-NOT.

There is a flower, a little flower,  
Tinged bright with faith's unchanging hue,  
Pure as the ether in its hour  
Of quietude and serene blue.  
Of childhood's gentle side it speaks,  
The radiant taint, the lonely glow,  
And to the heart it sweetly speaks,  
Forget me not; forget me not!  
Pure as the azure of thine eyes,  
Soft as the halo beams above,  
In gentle whispers still its sighs,  
Forget me not, my life, my love!  
Where thy last footsteps turned away  
We eyes shall mark the sacred spot,  
And this flower be heard to say,  
Forget me not; forget me not!

### GOD IS LOVE.

When sorrow darkens on life's path,  
And night grows dark around,  
And not a taper of the waste  
Or star on high is found;  
When thick and fast the steady snow  
Against the heart is driven,  
Remember then that "God is love,"  
And place thy trust in heaven!  
When down the hill slope of life  
Thy tottering step descends  
Alone to tread the shadowy vale  
Where no kindred spirits bend;  
When facing death, the soul is shook  
With doubt of sin forgiven,  
Remember then that "God is love,"  
And place thy trust in heaven!

## Miscellaneous.

### FAMILY JARS.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"I wish we had company every day," said Alice Vernon.

"Surely," replied her mother, "you cannot wish that, child, since you know the trouble and anxiety it brings upon me—the necessity of doing rather than supplanting, besides the load of responsibility it imposes, lest everything should not be done in the right time. You cannot wish your mother so overburdened all the time, Alice."

"I was not thinking of those things, mother, but of the pleasant time we always have when we sit down with somebody besides our own family. We all have cheerful faces when visitors are here; and when we are alone, dear mother, how many things trouble you, and father, too, sit so much, and hardly ever speak; and Thomas and I know we are not allowed to have much conversation; so it is a great deal pleasant to have company; besides, too, we have such a nice looking table set; our damask and best china seem to give a different hue to everything. I wonder how much it would cost to live so all the time? I am sure pleasant talk would not be expensive; and Thomas says if he only heard that mother, he should not be out every evening in search of companions. It is not so at Mrs. Brook's. I have often been in the adjoining room and heard the laugh and merry sayings of the family, and then I wished it were so at our home. It is not that I care for the food, but I cannot bear such silent meals."

It was just about tea time when this conversation was commenced. Let us look in upon the family, and see if the daughter was to blame for desiring company.

"I wish the tea were ever ready," said Mr. Vernon, quite pettish. "Time is money to me, wife, and unless we can have the hour for supper better understood, I shall not trouble myself to come at all." Mr. Vernon took out his watch; "it is now five minutes and a half that I have been waiting, full enough for me to have run over Brown's account."

"I thought, Mr. Vernon, you were not coming home to tea to-night," replied the wife. "Alice, ring the bell—no, child, you may go down and tell Dorcas your father is in a hurry, and we want tea immediately."

Alice returned saying:  
"Dorcas is at the back gate with a friend, and no fire is made yet."

"I do believe," said Mrs. Vernon, "our Dorcas is just the worst help in the world; there is no trust in her. How can I be expected to get my sewing done, when I am obliged to run at everybody's beck and call?"

"I shall give up coming home to tea to-night," said Mr. Vernon; "it is so much trouble to live; and as to dinner, I have long thought I should be the gainer by taking it at restaurants."

"Now do not get provoked, husband. I never saw such a man in my life; won't hear a word from me, while I am expected to endure everything. You can go down to your counting-room, and sit with old cronies from morning till night; but if I suggest the pleasure of a ride, you are always particularly engaged. My home has got to be one of the most unattractive places in the world; for here I am cooped up from year's end to year's end, without any variation, and I do believe I'm the only woman in the world who is expected to live without any change."

"Alice," whispers Thomas, who has just entered, "do you want to go to the opera to-night? It's a rare benefit—don't let him hear for three, will you? Don't let him know that I want it; you know he gave me my remittance yesterday, and I owed every cent of it for past arrearsages. It's

a glorious time, sis, to go to-night; all the Harlows will be there, and they have two opera tickets, if we choose to take them."

Alice commenced getting tea ready. The table was set with more precision than usual; and while the mother was below, scolding Dorcas, the father's manner was changed to his daughter. "Alice," said he, in a pleasant tone, "what shall I give you to make that set of shirts for me, which your mother has just commenced. I am sure at Mrs. Tweed's school you were taught to sew beautifully."

"Yes, father, but I have not practiced any for a long time, you know, excepting now and then to stitch a dicky; still," said she, putting her finger on her mouth thoughtfully, "I would do them for three dollars, for you, father—if I could have my pay now."

"Well, it's a poor rule to pay before work is done, child, still, as it is *you*, if you will make a good use of it, you may have it," and the three dollars were handed her. We need not be told that it was immediately in Thomas's hand, which made him a missing guest at the tea-table. Mrs. Vernon called and could gain no answer, and although certain she heard his voice a moment before, yet Alice saw that his hat was gone, and this opened a fresh tirade upon the young man, "who was never at home when he ought to be."

Alice had long since learned to keep her brother's secrets, and after Mrs. Vernon had wondered "how children dared to do as they did," "it was not so in her day," the supper was ended, and Mr. Vernon returned to his old dining-room.

He was about settling an account with Brown; and this young man was on the eve of marriage—the world was all sunshine to him, and poor Vernon stood looking into his ashly grate, with his hands behind him, having finished his business, a temper gathering, and he almost burst forth in a warning voice upon the uncertainty of the last prospect continuing, which awaited his customer. But then came the thought—"I never did speak of my domestic annoyances, why should I begin to this comparative stranger, before trying to regulate things at home?" It was a good, saving thought—a third person never should know these bickerings.

Vernon went home at an earlier hour than usual, and found his wife alone. The children were at the opera, and he was greatly interrupted in the thoughts, he had resolved to utter, by the vehement expressions of his wife, that "he kept no better eye over his boy." Mutual recriminations passed, and as the tempest lulled, Vernon began to suggest the propriety of adopting some new mode of arresting these petty irritations.

"You remember wife," said he, "how we used to live when we were first married?"

"To be sure I do," replied Mrs. Vernon, "and I often think of that little east window in our sitting-room where I used to look over to widow Allen's, and fancy I almost know all they were doing. And then we used to have a principle about things; we had meal times, and working times, and prayer times, and going to meeting times; but how it's all changed. There is no life in those buildings opposite to me—nothing is right here. The sun rises in the wrong place, and the stars don't look half as bright as then, and to my eye there has been a gradual change going on ever since we gave up the old-fashioned notion that *working upon moral convictions grounds was all moonshine*—since then, our children have run at random, and I do believe these new ways only choke up the truth, and cloud, rather than brighten, our way. I have been bothering over new-fangled schemes about 'woman's rights,' and you have been fussing about anti-church, independent, free inquiry; and husband, I date our unhappiness away back to surrendering our first principle; it has vexed me a great while; but I have thought in time we might become reconciled to living so; but we cannot—I feel it—I know it."

Vernon's conscience was first awakened, and you may be sure it did not slumber until he had reviewed his life and attempted a reform, and that, he knew, must begin with himself, before he could affect others. The next morning the children were not reproved, as formerly, but some gentle words were uttered, unheard by others, which had an astonishing influence upon their happiness through the day. Mrs. Vernon's brows too, began to clear; not all at once she was made happy, nor yet quiet; but gradually a softened manner took the place of the former peevish one, and there was many a proof that the upbraiding conscience made her susceptible to her own sins, instead of dwelling upon others; and no surer evidence of repentance could be furnished.

The next Sabbath the family were at church; this day seemed to pass more happily than usual. Each one was at peace with self, and that made a halo around the circle.

That home is now a model one. Two years have passed since the regenerating process began; there is now no difference before visitors, petty annoyances are borne patiently, and the children delight in passing their evenings at home, where pleasant amusements, or the appearance of a friend give new zest to the conversation. To be sure life is not all a perfect sunshine. The Vernons have their cloudy days and stormy days, as well as calm, sunshiny ones, but the principle with which they meet these events, is what made the overturn. Life to them is now viewed as a scene of discipline, which, if faithfully acted out, will eventually in a higher and better one; this

gives a new coloring to the whole surface, and makes all the rough and uneven places so mingle with the smooth and pleasant ones, that there is no discord, as all finally tend to make a perfect house.

ODD APOLOGY FOR NOT KEEPING A PROMISE.—A greenhorn from Yanketown being in this city, and wishing to have his photograph taken for his sweetheart, repaired to Brady's gallery on Broadway for that purpose. He knew nothing of the process, and was astonished when he found himself conducted to the garret, which he thought, was like being in a lantern. The operator placed him in position, and to use his own language, "screwed my head up in an iron fastening, and then telling me to wear a pleasant expression, brought out a small masked cannon and took deliberate aim at me, when, as he was about to fire, he told me he was from the South and knew that I was an abolitionist, though why he thought so I cannot conceive; but thinking he was about to blow out my brains, I broke loose, and I tell you what it is, I gave him a specimen of pretty tall walking down stairs until I reached the open street!" He tells this story in a letter to his *friend*, apologizing for not sending her photograph as he had promised to do, and adds, "I won't catch me again in a photographic shooting gallery until the war is over."

YOUTHFUL BRAVERY.—The following account of an incident of the battle near Pittsburg Landing is given by one who is enabled to vouch for its entire authenticity:

"In the battle at Pittsburg Landing, young Martin Boem, of Alton, Illinois, scarce eighteen years old, was a Sergeant in the Twentieth Missouri, having entered the regiment as a private. On that fatal Sunday the color-bearer was shot down at his side; he caught up the flag and carried it through the day, and slept that night with its folds around him. The next morning his Captain appointed him a Second Lieutenant *pro tempore*. The first volley killed the First Lieutenant and Martin took his place. Soon after the Lieutenant Colonel fell, and the Captain of Martin's company acted as Major, leaving this young hero to carry the company through the battle, which he did most gallantly and escaped unhurt. Young Martin Boem was in a printing office when the war broke out. He went to St. Louis, and enlisted among the three months' volunteers. At the expiration of that service he enlisted for the war. We may hear more from him ere the war is over."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Partington, and so she is dear—not that she meant so; because under that black bonnet is humility, and self-praise forms no part of her reflection. It was a simple ejaculation, that was all; our word for it. Dear me, here they are going to have war again over the sea, and only for a Turkey, and it don't say how much it weighed either, nor whether it was tender; and Prince Knocksmit has gone off in a puff, and the Russians bears and Austrians are all to be let loose to devour the people, and heaven knows where the end of it will leave off. War is a dreadful thing, so destroying to temper and good clothes, and men shoot at each other just as if they were getting purchase, and cheap at that." How sorrowfully the cover of the snuff-box shut as she ceased speaking, and the spectacles looked dewy, like a tumbler in summer-heat filled with ice water, as she looked at the profile of the corporal with the sprig of sweet fern above it, and the old sword behind the door. What did she mean as he stole in, and deposited some red article under the cricket on which her feet rested, and then strolled out again? A hissing sound followed—crack! bang! whizz! went a bunch of crackers—and Mrs. Partington in consternation and cloth slippers, danced about the room, forgetting of the distant war in her present alarm. Ah, like —Boston Post.

DISTRESS AND DESTRUCTION IN EUROPE.—The want of employment is creating serious distress in Europe. It is stated that in the manufacturing towns of Belgium, and principally at Ghent, over six thousand work-men are out of employment, and much suffering for want of food prevails.

The town of Blackburn, Eng., contains 63,000 people, nearly one fourth of whom are suffering privation from the scarcity of food, clothing, bedding and fuel. When the mills are in full operation, 20,351 persons are employed, but at the present time upwards of one-third, or nearly 7,000, are wholly unemployed, at a loss to the workers of about £6,000 a week in wages. In Manchester, Eng., during the last week in March, no less than \$369 persons dependent upon the labor of their hands for their daily bread were idle and unable to obtain employment. In many places in France also there is similar distress.

THE NEW CONNEXIONSHIP NETWORK.—A good anecdote is told of one of the Connecticut boys. While in conversation with a rebel, after the capture of Port Palsk, the latter said, "At least, with all our faults we have never made wooden nutmegs." The Yankee, a very demure-looking specimen, innocently replied: "We do not make them of wood any longer," and pointing to one of the big projectiles lying near, which had breached the fort, added quietly, "we make them now of iron." Success subsided.

An Illiterate Belle.—A Chicago letter-writer, who accompanied the Tennessee river expedition, tells this anecdote:

"While the boat was lying at Patriot, a town about twenty miles below here, many of the passengers went on shore and strolled through the streets, as is usual in such cases. Among these was Lieut. Tidrick, of Company G, Third Iowa, who is something of an admirer of the gentler sex. During his walk he noticed the door of a house standing open and a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a man who owns seventy negroes, and ever the more he praised his lordship's port."

"It was a fine, full-bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous elixir, that makes a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks." The Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or as his lordship called it, his particular port, and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he thought to do even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that the Laird's horse was at the door.

"Get out of that, ye fause loon," cried the Laird, pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head, "do not ye see ye blething brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?"

"But, master," said Watty, scratching his head, "it's an awfu' tawful o'clock."

"Well, what though it be?" said the Laird turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to spit their sides laughing at him and Watty. "It canna be any later, my man, so reach me my wig and let the nag bide a wee."

It was a cold, frosty night, and Watty was soon tired of kicking his heels at the door—so in a little while back he comes, and says he, "maister, maister, it's an awfu' o'clock."

"Well, Watty," says the Laird, with a hiccup, for he was far gone by this time—"it will never be any earlier Watty, my man, and that's a comfort, so you may just rest yourself a wee longer till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back you know, Watty."

Watty was by this time dancing mad, so, after waiting another half hour, back he comes, and says he—

"Laird, Laird, as it is death, the sun's just rising."

"Well, Watty," says the Laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, "let him rise, he has further to gang the day than you or me, Watty."

This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he ceased up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into the saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the light for his journey home.

## Cherry Brandy—I'm Here.

The Laird of Bonniemoun was ever fond of his bottle. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord R——, a neighbor of his; and his Lordship, being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to claret, when nothing better was to be got. The Laird thought this fine elegant stuff, and went on filling his glass like the rest, and telling his jokes, and ever the more he praised his lordship's port.

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"Heb, Watty," my man, said the Laird, patting his stomach, and speaking awfully thick, "we were none the worse for that second bottle this frosty mornin'."

"Faith," said Watty, blowing his fingers and looking as blue as a billy, "your honor is, may be, none the worse for it, but I'm none the better; I wish I was."

Well, on they rode, the Laird gripping hard to the horse's mane, and rolling about like a sack of meal, for the cold air was beginning to make the spirits tell on him. At last they came at a bit of a brook that crossed the road, and the Laird's horse being pretty well used to having his own way, stopped short and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the Laird lose his balance, and away he went, over the horse's ears, into the middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash, and to know that something was wrong, but he was so drunk that he did not in the least suspect that it was himself!

"Watty," says he, "there is surely something tumbled into the brook."

"Faith you may say that," replied Watty, ready to tumble off his horse with laughing, "for it's jest yourself, Laird!"

"Ount he, no Watty," cried the Laird, "it surely canna be me."

"Surely, maister, it is yourself."

"I canna be me, Watty—for I'm here."

In a Scotch town lately, a man from the country applied to a respectable lawyer for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Oh! yes, sir," rejoined the applicant, "if I do not tell you the plain truth; you can pit the *tees* (lies) in it!"

A very diffident young gentleman, in one of his experiences, waiting on a maiden home in the evening, desired her not to mention it, as it might cause remark. "Don't be afraid of my telling it," said the lady, "I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

TO CURE DYPHTHERIA.—A gentleman who has administered the following remedy for diphtheria, informs us that it has always proved effectual in affording speedy relief. Take a common tobacco pipe (new) place a live coal within the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, and let the patient draw smoke into the mouth and discharge it through his nostrils. The remedy is safe and simple, and should be tried whenever occasion may require. Many valuable lives may be saved, our informant confidently believes, by prompt treatment as above.—Hallowell Gazette.

Good morning, Smith, you look sleepy. Yes, replied Smith, I was up all night. Up where? Up stairs to bed.

## The Rattlesnake and Eagle.

Once a rattlesnake and eagle had a quarrel; and the rattlesnake challenged the eagle to fight.

"I will show you," said the reptile, "that I am master of those rocks which you pretend to rule, miserable bird! Come down and fight with me if you dare."

The bird of prey turned his head scornfully, and looked down upon the crawling thing that rattled and hissed beneath the crag on which he held his stately perch.

"When I took possession of this mountain," he replied, "I found you inhabiting there. You then took an oath of allegiance to me, and promised in return for my protection to respect my eggs and my young. They know where you are; keep near that hole of yours, and leave the mountain to me; and his rattle as you like. But beware of coming near my nest."

"Cowardly creature!" cried the snake, "I scorn you! I will tear your nest, and devour your young, and drive you to the farthest peak of the mountain; if you resist, you shall see that I have friends to help me."

The eagle made no answer, but sat with his piercing eye fixed on the dark clouds which rolled over the mountain, silent, stern and calm.

The reptile shook his rattles, and his allies, the adder, the buzzard, the bear, the wise-looking owl, and the alligator, with his brother the crocodile, formed a confederation to overthrow the dominion of the eagle.

And when all was agreed, the rattlesnake, after a long preparation, attacked an egg-shell of the eagle, which was on the rock the reptile claimed for his own; and having taken possession of, held a great jubilee with his allies and threatened to rush with them at once upon the eagle's nest.

Then the great bird spread his wings, and uttered his wild, clanging cry, and from peak to peak his young responded, till the mountain rang with their war screams. And each seized in his talons a block or stone, and sailed over the rocks where the Rebels lay, dropped on every one his thundering granite burden before the holes by which they must come forth. And the rattlesnake and his wretched friends found themselves shut up in their den, and ration awaited them; while the eagles, if they chose, dropped missiles upon their heads.

And the eagle said, "thus do I treat my treacherous and presumptuous foes. Learn to know the eagle; and if you will not love him, then you shall fear him."

So with the granite blocks he enclosed and subdued his enemies. And this was a good blockade.—Watchman and Reflector.

A young fellow of our acquaintance, whose better half had just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended Rev. Mr. —'s church on last Sunday evening. During the discourse the clergyman looking right at our innocent friend, said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence: "Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The new-fledged dabbler, supposing that the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event considerably startled the audience, by replying: "Yes, sir, I have two of them."

If you could stand coolly by, and see the cruelty you could check, or the wrong you could right, and move no finger to do it, you are not the reader I want, nor the human being I choose to know.

A young woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there's any nonsense in him he will be sure to talk it to her.

Many a goodly leg is lost in battle; thousands of brave fellows walk proudly into a war and hop out of it.

An editor, complaining of his delinquent patrons, declares that he "can't live so, and won't"—is willing to take anything from pine-knots to potato-parings.

"It is very curious," said a young lady, just from boarding-school, "that a tortoise, from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

The maple trees shook their golden boughs, as if they had been hoarding up sunshine for months and poured it in one rich deluge over their billowy restless canes.

"C. S. A."—Boggs inquires whether this doesn't mean "Cussed Sam Aunthill, ted?"

The rebels are fleet of foot, but they couldn't escape Fovot's.

A long tongue is even harder to conceal than a long nose.

## Dancing.

In Dr. Brown's late racy and valuable work on "Health," he thus refers to the "sin" of dancing:

Dancing is just the music for the feet, the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion. I remember a story of a good old Anti-burgher minister: It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin and to be dealt with by the Session. Jessie, a comely, and good and blithe young woman, a great favorite with the minister, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the Session to be dealt with—the grim old fellows sternerly concentrating their eyes upon her as she stood trembling in her striped shirt gown and her pretty bare feet. The doctor, who has one of the divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," sobbed Jessie, "Ye maun'en promise never to daunce again, Jessie." "I wull, sir; I wull promise," with a curtsy. "Now, what were ye thinking o' Jessie, when ye were dancin'? tell us truly?" said an old elder, who had been a preacher in his youth. "Nae ill, sir," sobbed out the dear little woman. "Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dancin'," cried the delighted doctor. "And so say I, to the extent that so long as our young girls think 'nae ill' they may dancin' their feet's fill. And so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of his children."

A Sharp Answer.—There was a physician in the neighborhood of Franklin, Mass., where Dr. Emmons preached for seventy-one years, who was corrupting the minds of men by his Pantheism. The physician being called to a sick family in the Franklin parish, met the Franklin minister at the house of affliction. It was no place for a dispute.—It was no place for an unbecoming familiarity with the minister. It was no place for a physician to inquire into the age of the minister, especially with any intent of entangling him in a debate, and, above all, where the querist was too visionary for any logical discussion. But the abrupt question of the pantheist was:

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" came the quick reply.

"As old as the creation, sir," was the triumphant response.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly—I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard there was a third person in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you."

The pantheist did not follow up the discussion.

## WASHINGTON'S WIFE.

A guest at Mount Vernon happened to sleep in a room next to that occupied by the President and his lady. Late in the evening, when the people had retired to their various chambers, he heard the amiable lady delivering a very animated lecture to her lord and master upon something he had done that she thought had ought to have been done differently. To all this he listened in the profoundest silence; and when she too was silent, he opened his lips and spoke: "Now good sleep to you my dear." Portraits and descriptions of her, show her to have been a pretty, agreeable, kind, little woman, from whom it could not have been so disagreeable to have a curtain lecture.

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The rebels are fleet of foot, but they couldn't escape Fovot's.

A long tongue is even harder to conceal than a long nose.

Every man who mingles in the society of his fellows, is bound to contribute his quota to the common entertainment, just as much as in a joint excursion of any kind he would be bound to pay his share of the reckoning.

In these days when sacks are fashionable female dresses, a gentleman may be thankful to the lady who gives him the sack—With its contents.

Good morning, Smith, you look sleepy. Yes, replied Smith, I was up all night. Up where? Up stairs to bed.

The New CONNEXIONSHIP NETWORK.—A good anecdote is told of one of the Connecticut boys. While in conversation with a rebel, after the capture of Port Palsk, the latter said, "At least, with all our faults we have never made wooden nutmegs." The Yankee, a very demure-looking specimen, innocently replied: "We do not make them of wood any longer," and pointing to one of the big projectiles lying near, which had breached the fort, added quietly, "we make them now of iron." Success subsided.

An Illiterate Belle.—A Chicago letter-writer, who accompanied the Tennessee river expedition, tells this anecdote:

"While the boat was lying at Patriot, a town about twenty miles below here, many of the passengers went on shore and strolled through the streets, as is usual in such cases. Among these was Lieut. Tidrick, of Company G, Third Iowa, who is something of an admirer of the gentler sex. During his walk he noticed the door of a house standing open and a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a man who owns seventy negroes, and ever the more he praised his lordship's port."

"It was a fine, full-bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous elixir, that makes a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks." The Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or as his lordship called it, his particular port, and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he thought to do even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that the Laird's horse was at the door.

"Get out of that, ye fause loon," cried the Laird, pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head, "do not ye see ye blething brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?"



## The Lutheran Synod on the Rebellion.

The General Synod of the Lutheran Church of the United States, which was in session at Lancaster, Pa., last week, adopted the following strong resolutions in regard to the Rebellion, reported from a Committee of which Rev. Dr. PASSAVANT was chairman, viz:

**Resolved,** Our beloved country, after having long been favored with a degree of political and religious freedom, security and prosperity, unexampled in the history of the world, now finds itself involved in a bloody war to suppress an armed rebellion against the lawfully constituted Government; and whereas, the word of God, which is the sole rule of our faith and practice, requires loyal submission to "the powers that be," because they are ordained of God, to be a terror to evil doers, and a praise to those who do well, and at the same time declares that they who "resist the power" shall receive to themselves condemnation; and whereas, we, the representatives of the Evangelical Lutheran Synods in the United States connected with the General Synod, assembled in Lancaster, Pa., recognize it as our duty to give public expression to our convictions of truth on this subject, and in every proper way to co-operate with our fellow-citizens in sustaining the great interests of law and authority, of liberty and righteousness; be it therefore

**Resolved,** That it is the deliberate judgment of this Synod, that the rebellion against the constitutional Government of this land is most wicked in its inception, unjustifiable in its cause, uncalled for in its character, inhuman in its prosecution, oppressive in its aims, and destructive in its results to the highest interests of morality and religion.

**Resolved,** That in the suppression of this rebellion and in the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union by the sword, we recognize an unavoidable necessity and a sacred duty which the Government owes to the nation and to the world, and that therefore we call upon all our people to lift up holy hands in prayer to the God of battles, without personal wrath against evil doers on the one hand, and without doubting the righteousness of our cause on the other, that He would give wisdom to the President and his counselors, and success to the army and navy, that our beloved land may speedily be delivered from treason and anarchy.

**Resolved,** That while we recognize this unhappy war as a righteous judgment of God, visited upon us because of the individual and national sins of which we have been guilty, we nevertheless regard this rebellion as more immediately the natural result of the continuance and spread of domestic slavery in our land, and therefore hail with unmingled joy the proposition of our Chief Magistrate, which has received the sanction of Congress, to extend aid from the General Government to any State in which slavery exists, which shall deem fit to initiate a system of constitutional emancipation.

**Resolved,** That we deeply sympathize with all loyal citizens and christian patriots in the rebellious portions of our country, and we cordially invite their co-operation, in offering united supplications at a Throne of Grace, that God would restore peace to our distracted country, re-establish fraternal relations between all the States, and make our land in all time to come, the asylum of the oppressed, and the permanent abode of liberty and religion.

**Resolved,** That our devout thanks are due to Almighty God for the success which has crowned our arms, and while we praise and magnify his name for the help and success he has graciously afforded to our land and naval forces, in enabling them to overcome our enemies, we regard these tokens of his divine favor, as cheering indications of the final triumph of our cause.

A committee of five members, three clergymen and two laymen, were appointed to proceed to Washington and present a copy of the resolutions to the President of the United States.

## PUNISHMENT OF REBEL LEADERS.—

The following, from the Washington Star, an able representative of loyal democracy, is worthy of special attention:

"The great mass of the original opponents of the election of President Lincoln in Congress, however, realize that his policy in this connection, as announced by Messrs. Browning and Colquhoun, in their recent eloquent and powerful speeches, must be carried out. That is: to insure that the mischievous politicians of the South, who have misled and forced the people there into treason, may not hereafter remain among them in influential positions, to keep alive the troubles of the times. Unless they be weeded out effectually by confiscation and personal disabilities, the war, so rapidly drawing to a close, will have been fought to no practical end. The banishment and confiscation of an average of ten men to a county, throughout all the so-called Seceded States, will restore the authority of the U. States intact in all of them in six months after we are again in possession of Richmond. The deluded masses of the South have had quite enough of Secession, and need not to have removed from among them by action of the Government, the leaders and ruling-spirits of the insurrection, to become, far sooner than most people imagine, as heartily loyal as they were one year before the Senatorial conspiracy for the destruction of the Union developed itself in the attempted secession of South Carolina."

**REMARKS BY SOUTHERN REBELS.**—We have been furnished with a letter received by a mercantile firm in this city from their correspondent in Tennessee, who has been traveling considerably in that State and Kentucky since our brilliant victories commenced. His report on the whole is favorable to a payment of at least a portion of the debts due there to the Northern States. He is also decidedly of opinion that the people of the South, both in the Border and Cotton States, will, upon fully appreciating the hopelessness of their cause, return to their allegiance to the Government and the Union. —Boston Traveller, May 3.

**TO SINGERS.**—Hear ye! A music teacher in the Southern Female College, Athens, Tenn., says of Brown's "Bronchial Trociscs," or Cough Lozenges: "Having tried almost every expectant for bronchitis without much benefit, I seemed cured by the use of one box. I am highly pleased with them."



## THE ADAMS SENTINEL.

GETTYSBURG:

Tuesday Evening, April 13, 1862.

When the glorious news of the victories reached us yesterday, the bells of our town rung indeed "a merry peal"—and joy was in every patriotic face—all feeling that the work was "going bravely on," and rebellion was being crushed out rapidly and permanently.

The news of the late splendid victories at Yorktown, Williamsburg and Norfolk have rendered our patriotic citizens everywhere jubilant. At Baltimore, even, the city was in a joyful ferment. At Philadelphia, the city was in a fever of excitement and joy all day—flags were floating in every direction, and bells ringing a joyful peal. At Washington there was a joyous excitement—and in the North all was delight and congratulation. All are now in bright hope that the Rebellion has been struck in a vital part, and that the glorious days of the past will soon again be revived, and our country be again what she once was—peaceful, harmonious, prosperous—and the traitors who have brought the evil upon us, all crushed and held up as an example for all coming time.

We have seen no notice of the 101st Regiment of P. Volunteers being in the fight at Williamsburg, but we observe among the names of the wounded, those of Samuel Doyle, James F. Wiley, and Alexander Miller, of the 101st; the latter of Company K, (Capt. Chritzman's.) From this report, we should judge that our country folks are in the foremost of the battle.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Dr. ROBERT HORNER in our paper to-day. On account of past ill health, he has retired from the active practice of his profession, and opened a Family Drug and Prescription Store, in the room formerly occupied by Drs. C. & R. HORNER as an office. He has everything in neat order, and his articles of choice quality.

Mr. HENRY OCKER, a member of Capt. Horner's Cavalry, died at the residence of his mother in Taneytown, on the 1st inst. He had been in the Hospital at Hagerstown for some time before his removal home.

We understand that GARDNER & HENNING'S Circus is to be in Town on Saturday the 24th day of May. The town is lined with the large pictorials of the establishment, and they promise a rare equestrian entertainment. The circus is a new thing in town at the present time, and we expect that the 24th will be a gala day in Gettysburg. The company comes well recommended, and we advise all who can raise 25 cts. to attend.

The triumph of the Federal Government not only clears this country from Rebellion, but fills foreign nations with new troubles and disensions. The iron clad revolution in maritime warfare enables us to defend ourselves against all foes, domestic and otherwise, and necessitates vast expenditures on the part of distant Governments, in order that they may not lose the empire of the seas. France and England already most jealous of each other, have had a violent altercation, through their military and diplomatic agents, in Mexico; and the displacement of the combination in that quarter bids fair to end in a general rupture between these two powerful rivals.

A great fire occurred at Troy, New York, on Saturday, destroying one-quarter of the city and causing a loss of two millions of dollars. A number of lives were also lost.

T. T. Worth, editor of the Lebanon Courier, has been appointed Superintendent of State Printing, and has, we believe, already assumed the functions of his position.

## The Battle of Pea Ridge.

The St. Louis papers publish full official reports of the battle at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, beginning with that of Maj. Gen. Curtis, and followed by those of Maj. Gen. Sigel—Col. P. J. Osterhaus commanding the First Division, Gen. A. both commanding the Second Division, Col. Jeff. C. Davis commanding the Third Division, and Col. E. A. Carr commanding the Fourth Division. Gen. Curtis states that the total killed, wounded, and missing, of the National force, was 1,351.

At Saint Augustine, St. John's county, Florida, Jas. W. Allen is appointed postmaster, vice Manuel Medeiros. In addition to the above, we state with pleasure that scarcely a day passes without instructions being issued from the Department to re-open offices and restore mail facilities in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and other places, where the loyalty of the people is entitled to such consideration.

The Government has under consideration the disposition of the money appropriated for the colonization of the freed negroes of the District of Columbia. It is believed that attempts will be made to open negotiations with some of the Central American States, with the object to secure a tract of land for the purpose of settling the blacks.

## To Triumph.

Every despatch, every bulletin, every mail, almost every breeze from the South is now bringing us intelligence of the glorious results of McClellan's splendid triumph at Yorktown. The telegraphic wires are thrilling us with joyous messages almost every hour. While we were still busy discussing the pros and cons about Yorktown, the lightning line brought us the glad news from Williamsburg, and before that is fairly settled in the public mind, we have news of the signal victory near West Point by the Divisions of Sedgwick and Franklin, the latter of which was kept most on its transports by the foresight of McClellan for this very purpose. More twenty thousand National troops totally routed thirty thousand Rebels in the severest battle yet fought on the Peninsula.

The language of the bulletins is now peculiarly buoyant and inspiring. The despatches are redolent of triumphs past and victories to come. Utter destruction to the greatest, finest, most thoroughly disciplined and strongly fortified army of "Secession," seems to be as certain as death. So rapid and so brilliant are the successes of McClellan's army, that conviction has been brought home to some heretofore obdurate hearts.

On motion of Mr. Lovejoy, of Ill., the following noble resolutions were passed by the National House of Representatives on Friday last. When it is remembered that Mr. Lovejoy is the Representative man of that school of politicians who have heretofore censured Gen. McClellan's method of conducting his campaign, this tribute of praise will have its force intensified a hundred fold, and Mr. Lovejoy's generous action will be more thoroughly understood.

**Resolved,** That it is with feelings of devout gratitude to Almighty God, that the House of Representatives, from time to time, have heard of the triumphs of the Union army in the great struggle for the supremacy of the Constitution and the integrity of the Union.

**Resolved,** That we receive with profound satisfaction the intelligence of the recent victories achieved by the armies of the Potomac, associated from their localities with those of the Revolution, and that the sincere thanks of this House are hereby tendered to Major General G. B. McClellan, for the display of those high military qualities which secure important results with but little sacrifice of human life.

There is no withstanding the Government of the United States. The cause of the Union is "marching on" with irresistible majesty.

Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feel retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Smiting the traitors by land and sea,  
And advancing its standards to the uttermost  
verge of the Seceded States, dismantling  
their strong-holds, and crushing every nest  
in which they hide, it yet offers to the deluded people of the South Amnesty and Forgiveness. And even as it moves on, the harvest rewards the good seed it plants. Loyal men lift up their heads and welcome it with grateful joy. Nashville speaks out through her best citizens, and New Orleans responds in great public meetings, each of which is worth a dozen bloody triumphs. Before this wonderful example of armed authority and sublime magnanimity, every falsehood falls and dies. Jefferson Davis and his agents cannot misrepresent a Power that speaks for itself. The people here, who have oppressed can now see what has been done, and what is to be done, by the Federal Government; and they would be stricken with judicial blindness if they did not cut loose from their betrayers.

The friends of the Government have heard with great satisfaction, through Confederate sources, of the fact of a Union meeting of citizens of New Orleans. It has not been doubted that the existence of a strong Union element in the great commercial metropolis of the South-west has had much to do with the discomfiture of the rebels in that quarter. Its influence will permeate the State, and it is not, therefore, unlikely that a provisional government may be established to hand, by the people, which will only need the endorsement of the Federal Government to become stable and effective.

A meeting of upwards of fifty members of Congress was held on Saturday, the object of which is stated to be to unite the conservative men to put down ultra abolition and secession, and save the country. There was a long discussion, and a committee was finally appointed to report to an adjourned meeting to be held this evening.

To the School Directors of Adams Co. GENTLEMEN:—The 18th Section of the Supplement to the Common School law of Pennsylvania, approved April 11th, 1862, requires every Board of Directors to publish an ANNUAL statement of the amount of moneys received and expended, and the amount due from Collectors, and setting forth all the financial operations of their respective districts, in not less than ten written or printed handbills, to be put up in the most public places in the District. I have, therefore, consulting your convenience, and for the sake of securing uniformity, provided the Editors of the several papers in Gettysburg, with a concise and convenient blank form for the above purposes, which, when printed, will be furnished to you at a moderate price.

You will please, therefore, obtain the necessary supply for your respective districts. Very truly yours,  
JNO. C. ELLIS, Co. Sup't.

New Oxford, May 6, 1862.

## Glorious News!

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH. WITH THE NAVY YARD AND WORKSHOPS, TAKEN BY THE ARMY OF GEN. MCCLELLAN. THE ARMY OF GEN. MCCLELLAN ON SATURDAY WITHIN 21 MILES OF RICHMOND.

The news of yesterday is glorious indeed. President Lincoln and the Secretary of War were at Fortress Monroe, and under their supervision a landing was effected by Gen. Wool at eight miles distance from Norfolk, with 5,000 men. When our troops were within a short distance of the City, they were met by a delegation of citizens, who formally surrendered it, Portsmouth and the Navy Yard—so that it is our's, without a struggle, and this important station "re-governed."

The Merrimac all this time remained immovable at Craney Island. The Monitor went boldly up alone, and challenged her to contest, firing upon her, under the guns of the Rebel Ports. The Merrimac would not return the fire, but, rebel-like, "backed out," and on Sunday morning about 3 o'clock she was fired by the rebels, and blew up at 5—leaving nothing but burnt timbers to tell of the daring and powerful monster! So goes the rebellion!

On Saturday afternoon the advance of Gen. McClellan's army, in pursuit of the Rebels, was being vigorously pressed, and was then within 21 miles of Richmond.

From the Mississippi we learn that there was a fight of an hour between a portion of Gen. Foote's flotilla and the Rebel fleet of iron-clad steamers, eight in number, near Fort Wright. Two of the rebel gunboats were blown up and one sunk. The rest retired precipitately under the guns of the Fort.

Special despatches state that the iron-clad steamer Galena has sunk the rebel steamer Yorktown, and captured the Jamestown in the James river.

President Lincoln, as commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, superintended the expedition himself, which left Fortress Monroe, and resulted in the surrender of Norfolk and Portsmouth, those two important points. "Old Abe's the boy to swing the flail."

The Rebels have fallen back across the James river, and are in full retreat from their late capital. Nothing remains now but for General McClellan to occupy Richmond, which it is predicted he will do without another battle.

Since the fall of Norfolk, and the destruction of the Merrimac, the noble little Monitor and the gunboats have gone up, and will aid in the attack on Richmond, which has probably been made ere this.

The Rebels on Friday fired and destroyed all their barracks at Sewall's Point, and blew up their magazine. Of the twenty-two guns formerly mounted at that place, but seven now remain, the balance having been carried to Richmond last Monday night, along with the unfinished gun-boats.

Fort Macon, N. C., is at present garrisoned by two artillery companies. The damage done to the fort is not as severe as anticipated. The walls, though somewhat battered, are still strong. The main cause of the surrender was the rapidity and freedom of our fire, which rendered the fort untenable except within the casemates, which, in a short time, became too hot for safety. General Burnside has advanced his force, and at last accounts, he was at Badger's creek, about ten miles above Newbern. A number of citizens of Newbern have voluntarily come forward and taken the oath of allegiance, and have formed a regiment for the defence of their homes against the Rebels.

The steamer Commodore arrived on Saturday, bringing several hundred of our brave soldiers wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, and also some wounded and some unwounded Rebel prisoners. The wounded were conveyed to the different hospitals prepared for them, where they are receiving the kindest care of the surgeons and of the citizens, who are eager to contribute to their comfort. The unwounded prisoners were transferred to the jail; the wounded receive the same care that is bestowed upon our own gallant men. The remains of several officers killed in the battle were also brought up and will be forwarded to their friends. —Balt. Amer.

The important intelligence is reported from Corinth, by way of Cairo, that three brigades of Gen. Buell's army had seized that part of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad midway between Corinth and Grand Junction, thus cutting off the Rebel communication between the two points. It is also reported that a detachment of Gen. Pope's army has seized the road south of Corinth. The Rebels, according to these accounts, appear to be so completely hemmed in that escape seems to be impossible.

Washington, May 11.—Harry A. Stewart, son of Dr. Stewart, of Baltimore, a prisoner in the Old Capital, while attempting to escape to day was shot by the sentry and died from the effects of the wound.

Washington, May 11. Hon. Samuel P. Vinton, of Ohio, died here this afternoon, after a brief illness, of erysipelas. He was for many years a representative in Congress, and recently appointed one of the Commissioners under the District of Columbia Emancipation act.

## Victory at New Orleans!

WASHINGTON, May 8; P. M.—The following despatch from a bearer of despatches from Com. Farragut, who has arrived at Fortress Monroe, was received at the War Department this evening:

PORTSMOUTH, MAY 8th.  
Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:  
I have the honor to announce that, in the providence of God, which smiles upon a just cause, the squadron under Flag Officer Farragut has been victorious in an glorious victory and triumph in the capture of the city of New Orleans, Forts Jackson, St. Philip, Livingston and Pike—the batteries below and above New Orleans, as well as the destruction of the enemy's gunboats, steam rams, floating batteries (iron clad), fire-rafts and obstructions—bombs and chains.

The enemy, with their own hands, destroyed from eight to ten millions worth of cotton and shipping!

Our loss is 86 killed and 153 wounded. The enemy lost from 1,000 to 1,500, besides several hundred prisoners.

The way is now clear and the Rebel defenses destroyed from the Gulf to Baton Rouge, and probably to Memphis!

Our flag waves triumphantly over them all!

I am the bearer of despatches.  
(Signed) THOMAS G. BAILEY,  
Captain, and second in command of the attacking force, of the gunboat Cayuga.

HARRISBURG, May 9.—The following despatch was received by Governor Curtin, from Washington, this afternoon:

To Governor Curtin:—A New York friend in General McClellan's advance, writes me as follows:

The battle of Williamsburg was a most brilliant engagement, and the victory complete.

The fighting lasted from daylight to dark.

Hooker's and Smith's Divisions, and parts of Casey's and Kearney's were actively engaged all day, and an equal force held in reserve. The enemy had forty thousand under Johnston, Longstreet and Early, their troops being principally from extreme South. Our killed and wounded will reach eight hundred. The enemy left five hundred wounded in Williamsburg, and retreated beyond Chickahominy.

A reconnaissance by our Cavalry to that stream found no fortifications, and captured many prisoners and arms. McClellan will probably remain in Williamsburg two or three days. Franklin and Sedgwick's divisions are at West Point. The Pennsylvania regiments behaved, it is conceded, by general consent, splendidly. The One-hundred-and-second, Ninety-third, Forty-ninth, Ninety-eighth, Twenty-sixth, One-hundred-and-fifth, Fifty-seventh and Sixty-third Pennsylvania Regiments, and perhaps others, were engaged. Averill's Third Cavalry led the advance, and did magnificently, and Colonel Small, who is wounded, fought well. The One-hundred-and-fifth, Sixty-third and Fifty-seventh, under Jamison, first entered Williamsburg, and they will probably be detained there for duty. The Twenty-third was first in the chief fort. Brney's brigade was under fire all day. The enemy's fortifications at Williamsburg are most formidable. The Pennsylvanians have acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of veterans.

The Press despatches from Williamsburg state that the movement of a portion of the Army of the Potomac up the York river to West Point has been most successful. The main body of the enemy had crossed the James river, and the general impression was that they had made their last stand in Virginia. For ten miles beyond Williamsburg the road is lined with broken down army wagons abandoned by the Rebels on their retreat.

Refugees from Norfolk, who brought the Rebel flag J. B. White into Newport News and surrendered her, report great excitement in Norfolk, and that the city was being evacuated by the troops, and that preparations were making to destroy the Navy Yard and other public property. They had also prepared the bulk of the old frigate United States and other vessels to sink in the channel of the Elizabeth river.

The proposition to issue twenty-five millions of small denomination Treasury notes—one, two and three—meets with much favor in Washington, where every conceivable kind of currency, wild-cat, red dog and the like, is forced upon the people. Western members very generally favor the issue of the small notes by the government. They would prefer specie to small notes, but they say no such choice is left to them. It is simply between government small notes and those of distant and doubtful banks. It is said that Mr. Chase favors the plan, and the Senate Finance Committee is known to do so. It is thought that the Senate will not spend as long a time over the Tax bill as the House did. Leading members of both Houses express the opinion that the bill will become a law by the first of June, and the time for putting it into operation will probably be the first of July.

Congress—Impeachment—Pacific Railroad Bill Passed by the House.

Two very important matters were acted upon in Congress on Wednesday last. The House of Representatives adopted a resolution appointing a committee of two to go to the bar of the Senate, and there, in the name of the people of the United States, impeach West H. Humphrey, Judge of the District Court of the United States in Tennessee, of high crimes and misdemeanors. It is many years since the imposing formalities of impeachment have been seen in the Senate, and this trial will, therefore, be a great novelty to the present generation.

The House also acted upon the Pacific Railroad Bill, passing, by a vote of seventy-nine to forty-nine, a bill incorporating a company with seventy-five corporations, to construct a railroad from the one hundred-and-second degree of West longitude to the western boundary of Nevada, and granting the company every alternate section of land on the line of the road, and also bonds of the United States to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars a mile. Upon this measure political parties were very prominently mixed up.

New York, May 7.—The steamship Persia sailed at noon to-day. Hon. Simon Cameron, U. S. Minister to Russia, and family, and his Secretary of Legation, Bayard Taylor, and family, are among the passengers.

## Condition of Norfolk.

A council of war was held in Norfolk last Friday: Secretary of War G. W. Blandolph, and Major, Secretary of the Navy, General Huger, Brigadier General Blanchard and the Colonels of the different regiments stationed at Norfolk and Portsmouth, were in attendance. The result was the determination to evacuate Norfolk. The evacuation immediately commenced. The body of the Rebel troops were sent to support Magruder and Johnston. The guns and machinery of the Navy Yard are being shipped to Raleigh and Charlotte, N. C. Commissary stores are mostly shipped to Petersburg and Richmond. The heavy guns are being dismounted at all the batteries, and a few rounds only of ammunition for each gun are left. Commodore Lee says "there shall not be a brick left standing" in the Navy Yard, Hospital, &c.

## Condition of the People in Norfolk.

Many families are removing their effects, but the majority will remain. Great excitement exists at the anticipated arrival of the Union forces. Burnside is said to be moving up the Roanoke and Chowan rivers, to cut off the Rebel retreat from Norfolk. It is currently reported in Norfolk that McDowell has 80,000 men, opposite Fredericksburg. Rosecrans, they think, has superseded Banks, and has a force of 30,000 men operating against Stonewall Jackson. The majority of citizens in Norfolk and Portsmouth are Union, and the leading Secessionists propose to remain and take the oath of allegiance.

The news of the unparalleled victory of McClellan on the peninsula is being received. Our forefathers defeated and captured the British tyrants on this same field, and their sons, inspired by their heroism, and contending for the liberties transmitted to them by these illustrious men, have emulated their example. McClellan will march his conquering army into Richmond in a very short time. There is no longer any disposition to criticize or condemn. In this hour of victory, it becomes loyal men to sink all differences—to remember only the heroes who fight for our flag, and to oppose only those who assail it. General McClellan may have much bitter work before him; and now that he has let loose the ministers of war, he will undoubtedly discharge it with full efficiency. This wonderful achievement was almost a Pennsylvania achievement. Thousands of the sons of the Keystone State participated in this battle. McClellan is a Philadelphian, General Haintzelman, John F. Reynolds, and Andrew Porter are natives of Lancaster, General Franklin hails from good old York, and General Biney and Acting Brigadier General W. W. Davis are citizens of our noble Commonwealth. I envy you the wild exultation that will follow the announcement of this victory. It is, indeed, the death blow to the great treason. Nothing is now left for the traitors but an immediate surrender. When the historian comes to review this marvellous drama, he will not fail to say that Pennsylvania, first in the field to defend the Government, gave to rebellion its last and most overwhelming stroke.

Fortress Monroe, May 8.—By the steamer from Yorktown, I learn that Gen. McClellan had advanced 12 miles beyond Williamsburg, and had several skirmishes with the enemy, routing them with heavy loss.

The embarkation of troops for West Point is progressing with great rapidity.

A heavy battle took place on Wednesday afternoon, between the troops of Gen. Franklin and Sedgwick and the Rebels under Gen. Lee, who were endeavoring to make their way to Richmond. It is said to have been the severest battle on the Peninsula.

The Rebels were totally routed and flanked, being driven back towards the force under General Johnston, on the Chickahominy.

The whole number of U. S. troops killed and wounded was three hundred. The enemy were driven back by our gun-boats with great slaughter. The enemy had not less than 30,000 men, while our whole force at the time was not over 20,000, only that number having landed. Had it not been for the gun-boats our forces would have been defeated.

Late From Williamsburg.

Williamsburg, Thursday, May 8.—The details of the engagement of Monday are so incorrect and voluminous that it will become necessary to await the report of General McClellan, which is now being prepared.

Deserters from the enemy are hourly arriving. General Jamison has been appointed Military Governor and Provost Marshal of the town.

The official report of the killed and wounded being too lengthy to send over the military telegraph, it has been forwarded by mail.

The expedition up the York river has been most successful, and our troops now occupy West Point.

Heavy firing has been heard in that direction, but the particulars are not known.

Yesterday the advance guard of our cavalry had a skirmish with the rear guard of the enemy, about seven miles from here. The main body of the enemy have retreated across the James river. The general impression with military men is that the Rebels have made their last stand in Virginia. For a distance of some ten miles beyond Williamsburg the road is lined with broken army wagons, in the retreat of the enemy.

Intelligence from Middle Tennessee states that General Dumont with a body of National cavalry, on Monday last, attacked and routed the guerrilla force of the Rebel Colonel Morgan. A large number were slain, one hundred and fifty prisoners taken, and nearly all their horses and arms captured. Morgan was reported to have been killed. The attack was a complete surprise to the Rebels. On the Friday previous Morgan had surprised and captured a number of officers and nearly three hundred Federal troops. They were released on parole and returned to Nashville.

Baltimore, May 6.—I have never seen such a complete tanning down in secessionism as has been exhibited here since the fall of New Orleans. Those of them who were once quite apt at forming excuses for defects and reverses, cannot now invent even the shadow of an apology. They are amazed and taken completely aback.

## Condition of Norfolk.

By way of Havana we have the first intelligence through other than Rebel sources of the capture of New Orleans and of the Rebel Ports Jackson and St. Phillip on the Mississippi. The war has scarcely furnished a parallel to the brilliancy of the achievement recorded, and our gallant Navy has added to its laurels a new record of gallant deeds. The attack on the forts commenced on the 18th ult., on the 23d Commodore Farragut, with the flagship Hartford and thirteen gunboats, passed the forts and proceeded up and took possession of New Orleans. General Butler had already landed four thousand troops above the forts. On the 24th the Rebels sent a flag of truce asking conditions of surrender. Com. Porter replied that no conditions would be granted. The formal surrender of the forts was to take place on the 27th ult. Twenty mortar boats and three gunboats engaged the forts, silencing them after six days' incessant fighting. The Rebel defence was aided by eleven gunboats, all of which they lost, and by fire-rafts, which, however, were nearly harmless. The engagement between our gunboat Veruna and the Rebel iron-clad steamer Webster was a brilliant episode in the great drama. The Webster ran into the Veruna, sinking her, but before going down she poured into the Webster such a destructive and crushing broadside that both sank together. There is nothing like this in the world's history of naval engagements. The Rebel ram Manassas was sunk by the steamship Mississippi. We lost one hundred and fifty men, and had taken four hundred prisoners, exclusive, we presume, of those in the forts. The Rebel loss was unknown. The reduction of these two forts, both casemated works of much strength, is one of the grandest achievements ever accomplished by a naval force. One of the magazines in Fort Jackson was blown up. Gen. Butler's troops were preparing to go up to New Orleans.

HAVANA, May 3.—When the news of the capture of New Orleans—brought by the Dan Smith—became known in Havana, the loyal Americans residing in that city were highly excited, and came near carrying the captains of the mortar boats on their arms to the hotel.

A grand demonstration was intended to be held in a few days, but nothing further had transpired when the Columbia left.

On Tuesday last several small boats were noticed sailing around the steamship Columbia, having hoisted on their various masts the flag of the Southern Confederacy, and the persons on board frequently shouting to those on the Columbia, who had flying from her gaff the flag of the U. States, "take down that rag!" The marines, and other persons on the Columbia becoming annoyed at the constant repetition of these taunts, asailed the occupants of the small boats with the various missiles at their hand, and drove them off. A short time after, Captain Adams was ordered to appear at the office of the Captain of the Port and answer to the charge made against persons on his vessel for assault, which the captain promptly obeyed at once, attended by his entire force of marines, who were all clad in their holiday suits. But it seems, after a proper explanation was made to the gentlemanly Captain of the Port, and no one appealing against them, the parties were dismissed, and the good natured Capt. Adams invited them to partake of some refreshments.

NEW MARKET, May 7.—Yesterday afternoon a detachment of the Fifth New York Cavalry made a reconnaissance towards Harrisburg, and when about five miles this side of the town they encountered upwards of 200 of Ashby's Cavalry. They charged on the Rebels and pursued them within two miles of the town, killing ten and taking six prisoners. Our loss was one killed and the Battalion Adjutant taken prisoner. The work on our side was done with the sabre, and was a very gallant affair.

An officer from Mount Jackson this morning says that the guard at the bridge, near the town, reports that a guerrilla cavalry band made an attempt last night to burn the bridge, but they were repulsed. There is no official confirmation of the affair yet.

NEW YORK, May 7.—Advices received from General Burnside's division state that a regiment of North Carolinians has been organized, Captain Potter, of General Foster's staff, being appointed colonel. Two companies of our troops had left for Washington, N. C., to form the nucleus of the regiment. Large numbers of Union men had voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance, and they will be armed and equipped by General Burnside, to defend their homes against the rebels. Our troops have captured enough horses to mount two companies of cavalry, and they make frequent dashes among the rebels.

The rebels in East Tennessee have attempted to create a diversion by communicating a general proscription of the Union men and their families there. All these had been ordered to leave, and eighteen hundred had done so. One hundred were slaughtered in attempting to do so. Some of the fugitives had arrived at Fortress Monroe from Norfolk by flag of truce. Among them are the families of Parson Brownlow and Hon. H. J. Maynard.

The rebel prisoners at Chicago, for lack of opportunity to kill Northern men, have taken to killing one another. One Kilpatrick is now on trial for the murder of a fellow soldier named Golden.

## The People's State Convention.

THE PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA, who desire cordially to unite in sustaining the NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION in its patriotic efforts to suppress a secession, and to end the rebellion, against the UNITY OF THE REPUBLIC, and who desire to support, by every power of the Government, one hundred thousand heroic brethren in arms, braving disease and the perils of the field to preserve the Union of our Fathers, are requested to select the number of delegates equal to the next times and in such manner as will best respond to the spirit of this call, to meet in STATE CONVENTION at HARRISBURG, on THURSDAY, the SEVENTEENTH DAY OF JULY next, at eleven o'clock, on said day, to nominate Candidates for the offices of AUDITOR GENERAL and SURVEY









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